

An Anthology
by
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PRISMS
OF
PRIDE



Prisms of Pride

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Introduction:

Prisms of Love is my personal journey of understanding how to be a queer citizen of the modern society, within conservative confines. Growing up as a fourteen-year-old queer girl, the challenges I faced with self-identity, the social understanding of LGBTQ+ and my relationship with my family in a queer context transformed itself into poetry as a way of coping for me. The turmoil inside my soul, the hope I would often give myself and my faith in the universe have become the building blocks of this anthology. I understand that like myself, there are many others today that have to deal with growing up as a queer all by themselves, with prejudice and hatred around, much less love and support. My heart goes out to you guys. Have faith, for it does get better. I hope this anthology brings a smile to your face, makes you feel like you belong and brightens your day just a little.

Quiet Reverie

In a world of loud colours,
she walks in quiet shades,
a palette misunderstood,
her heart beats a different rhythm,
soft, gentle,
unseen by the eyes that search for flames.

She treads the path of whispers,
where love is painted with desires she doesn't know.
She smiles at their stories,
their fires and their passions,
a language foreign, a dance she doesn't dance.

Her soul, a calm sea,
no tempest within,
no waves of longing to crash upon shores of touch.
She wonders if she's broken,
a flower with petals that never unfurl.

They ask her, "Why not?
Why don't you burn like the rest?"
And she, a quiet river,
flows past their questions,
seeking the solace of her own truth.

In her reflection,
she sees a girl who loves
in ways that are not written in the stars,
who finds joy in the simple, the unspoken,
the gentle breeze of a hand held for comfort,

the silent promise of presence, unwavering.

She dreams of a world
where her shade of love is enough,
where her quiet is heard,
where she can be a symphony
in her own silent notes.

And in the stillness of her night,
she learns to love herself,
her identity a tapestry of grace,
an asexual girl,
whole, beautiful,
in her own unlit flame.

~~~



## Reflections of Becoming

In the quiet of her room, she stands before the mirror,  
a reflection fragmented by the shards of her past,  
each piece a whisper of who she's told she should be,  
each fragment a cry of who she knows she is.

Her body, a battleground of expectations and truth,  
a canvas painted with society's harsh strokes,  
yet beneath the surface, a vibrant hue,  
a colour that defies the grey of misunderstanding.

She walks through streets where eyes linger too long,  
where whispers turn to daggers, and silence roars,  
where the world demands she fit into its mould,  
yet her heart beats a rhythm that breaks through the noise.

In the depths of night, when shadows embrace,  
she finds solace in the moon's gentle glow,  
a reminder that even in darkness, there is light,  
a soft beacon guiding her through the storm.

Her voice, once a murmur lost in the wind,  
now rises with the dawn, a song of defiance,  
each note a declaration of her existence,  
each verse a testament to her truth.

She is a symphony of becoming,  
a melody that transcends the binary's chains,  
in every step, a dance of resilience,  
in every breath, a whisper of freedom.

For she is not the mask she was forced to wear,  
not the silence she was taught to bear,  
but a woman emerging from the shadows,  
embracing her reflection, whole and radiant.

~~~

A Love's Quiet Revolution

In the shadow of narrow streets,
where whispers carry more weight than truth,
two hearts find each other.

Love blooms in hidden corners,
underneath a moon that understands,
bathed in a light unseen by judging eyes.

They walk hand in hand,
each touch a defiance,
each glance a silent promise.

The world outside tightens its grip,
fences them in with words sharp as daggers,
but their love remains soft, resilient.

In the quiet of stolen moments,
they build a fortress of whispered dreams,
stronger than the walls around them.

Every morning brings a battle,
faces that turn away, eyes that burn with disapproval,
yet they stand, back-to-back, unyielding.

For in each other, they find courage,
a sanctuary no law can breach,
a truth no lie can shatter.

Their love is a quiet revolution,
a gentle flame in a world of darkness,

burning with the hope of a freer tomorrow.

~~~

## A Transcendent Journey

In the quiet corners of a world draped in conservatism,  
she walks, a mosaic of courage and vulnerability,  
a trans woman in a landscape of unyielding norms.

Her steps echo softly, cautious yet resolute,  
each footfall a defiance, a testament to survival.  
She carries within her a history of battles fought silently,  
a heart that knows the weight of secrets, the ache of unspoken  
truths.

In the eyes of others, she is an anomaly,  
a disruption to the comfortable rhythms of tradition.  
They whisper behind lace curtains and closed doors,  
their words like barbed wire, cutting deep into tender flesh.

But she wears her identity like armor,  
fashioned from the shards of shattered expectations,  
gleaming defiantly under the harsh glare of judgment.  
Her existence is a rebellion, a testament to resilience.

In the silence of her room, she dreams of acceptance,  
of a world where her reflection in the mirror  
is not distorted by society's distorted gaze.  
She yearns for the day when her truth is celebrated,  
when her voice is heard above the din of prejudice.

Yet, despite the shadows that threaten to engulf her,  
she finds solace in the embrace of kindred spirits,

in the shared stories of those who dare to be different.  
Together, they weave a tapestry of solidarity,  
a patchwork of hope stitched with threads of courage.

And as she walks through the labyrinth of conformity,  
she knows that she is not alone.  
For she is a trans woman, living boldly in a conservative  
society,  
writing her own narrative, one verse at a time.

~~~

In the Shade of Silence

In the confines of a house painted in conservatism,
she breathes, a whisper amid the roaring silence,
a lesbian girl navigating the maze of family ties.

Her heart beats quietly, a rhythm hidden from prying eyes,
each pulse a secret melody, sung in the sanctuary of her soul.
She carries within her a story untold, a tale of longing,
of love that dares not speak its name within these walls.

In the eyes of her kin, she is a puzzle to unravel,
a deviation from the script of expected norms.
They speak in hushed tones, their words heavy with judgment,
their love conditional, contingent upon conformity.

But she wears her truth like a cloak,
woven from threads of courage and resilience,
unfurling it in the quiet moments of introspection.
Her identity is a beacon, a testament to authenticity.

In the solitude of her room, she dreams of acceptance,
of a world where her love is celebrated,
where her gaze can meet another's without fear or shame.
She yearns for the day when her voice can rise,
a symphony of pride amidst the cacophony of doubt.

Yet, amidst the shadows that threaten to engulf her,
she finds solace in the embrace of chosen family,
in the shared stories of those who defy convention.
Together, they carve out spaces of belonging,
where love knows no bounds and freedom reigns supreme.

And as she navigates the labyrinth of familial expectations,
she knows that she is not alone.
For she is a lesbian girl, forging her path in a conservative
home,
writing her own narrative, one stanza at a time.

~~~



## A Canvas of Questions

In the quiet corners of her mind, she wanders,  
Tracing the edges of unspoken thoughts  
Like delicate spiderwebs in the early morning mist.

She questions the script written for her,  
The roles she's expected to play  
In a world where binaries dictate the narrative.

Her heart beats irregular rhythms,  
A dance of uncertainty and curiosity,  
As she gazes into the mirror searching for clues.

Whispers of attraction linger like fragments of a melody  
That she can't quite name,  
Echoes of a tune that resonates yet eludes.

She wonders if there's a place for her  
In the stories she's heard,  
Where love is a prism, not a straight line.

In the silence of her questioning,  
She discovers the power of her own voice,  
A whisper that grows into a bold declaration.

She paints her identity with brushstrokes of bravery,  
Embracing the spectrum of possibility,  
Unveiling colours unseen in the daylight.

For she is a girl unfolding,  
A mosaic of desires and dreams,

A masterpiece in progress, unbound by labels.

~~~

Moral Mosaics

In the hushed corners of tradition-laden walls,
she sits, a puzzle piece that refuses to fit,
a girl in a conservative family questioning her own skin.

Her thoughts wander through labyrinths of expectation,
threads of duty and honour woven tight around her,
while inside, a quiet storm brews, unsettled.

She feels the weight of their unasked questions,
their puzzled glances, their whispered doubts,
as if her very essence is an affront to their beliefs.

But her heart beats to a different rhythm,
a rhythm of introspection, of quiet contemplation,
where desires whisper softly and intimacy takes new form.

In the silence of her doubts, she searches for truth,
peeling back layers of inherited morality,
unravelling the strands that bind her to their judgments.

She questions the morals they've sewn into her skin,
the righteousness that colours their worldview,
wondering if her lack of desire is a betrayal or a revelation.

Yet in her moments of solitude, she finds strength,
in the stillness of her thoughts, she finds clarity,
realizing that her identity is not a flaw to be corrected.

For she is a girl navigating the tides of tradition,
questioning, exploring, forging her own path,

finding morality in the authenticity of her being.

~~~

# Metamorphosis

In the mirror, he meets a stranger—  
a reflection that echoes but distorts,  
a canvas where identity is a puzzle piece,  
not yet aligned.

Born into a body that feels foreign,  
he navigates a world of assumptions  
that cloak him in ill-fitting garments  
of gendered expectations.

Each step is a tightrope walk  
across the chasm between self-discovery  
and societal scrutiny,  
balancing on the edge of acceptance.

He tucks away fragments of doubt  
like secrets in pockets,  
carrying the weight of misperceptions  
with every heartbeat.

In the silence of his solitude,  
he wrestles with the echoes  
of a voice that doesn't match his truth,  
a name that no longer resonates.

Yet amidst the struggle,  
he finds strength in resilience,  
in the courage to carve out  
a space for his authentic self.

He stitches together a tapestry  
of identity, woven from threads  
of bravery and vulnerability,  
unravelling the knots of conformity.

For he is a trans man,  
boldly reclaiming his narrative  
in a world that tries to erase him,  
writing his own verse  
in the poetry of existence.

~~~

Harmony's Dichotomy

In the stillness of night, he lies awake,
Heart heavy with secrets too weighty to share.
Across the silent expanse of the bed,
She slumbers, unaware of the storm within.

He traces the contours of his reflection,
A face shaped by love, yet longing.
In the labyrinth of his thoughts,
Desires whisper, forbidden and fervent.

They exchanged vows beneath hopeful skies,
Promises woven in the fabric of tradition.
But within him, a quiet ache lingers,
A yearning for a love deemed taboo.

He navigates the daily rituals,
Hiding behind smiles that falter,
In conversations veiled with half-truths,
In embraces that conceal his truth.

A dance of contradictions unfolds,
Between duty and desire,
Between societal scripts and soul's song,
A symphony of discordant chords.

In the sanctuary of solitude,
He wrestles with shadows that haunt,
The weight of expectations pressing,
As he dreams of a freedom unburdened.

For he is a gay man in a heterosexual union,
Caught between worlds, straining against the tide.
In the quiet battle of heart versus mind,
He seeks solace, seeking a path to peace.

~~~



## Orchids of Moonlit Rebellion

In the shadows where moonlight hesitates to touch,  
their love blooms in secrecy, a fragile orchid  
in the garden of societal norms.

He traces constellations on his skin,  
each freckle a star in the galaxy of desire,  
mapping paths they dare not tread.

They steal moments like thieves in the night,  
whispers exchanged like contraband,  
their hearts beating in syncopated rhythm.

Hands brush in fleeting caresses,  
igniting sparks that defy the darkness,  
a blaze that threatens to consume.

In the labyrinth of their longing,  
they navigate the maze of forbidden fruit,  
tasting sweetness tinged with bitter consequence.

They are rebels in the kingdom of conformity,  
writing their own legend,  
where love is a revolution, not a sin.

But when dawn breaks, reality intrudes,  
casting shadows on their clandestine affair,  
forcing them back into the masks they wear.

Yet in the secret corners of their souls,  
they hold onto stolen moments,

treasures in a world that denies them.

For theirs is a love that defies boundaries,  
a symphony played in whispers,  
a masterpiece painted in shades of taboo.

~~~

Celestial Weavings

In the realm where moonlight weaves its spells,
Two spirits intertwine, transcending shells,
Their essences forged in trials untold,
Two trans women, a love story unfolds.

Beneath the canopy of midnight's embrace,
They dance, hearts racing in celestial chase,
Hands that once hid from judgment's gaze,
Now clasp, defying the world's maze.

Each touch a rebellion, each kiss a decree,
Against the shadows that sought to decree,
In their union, a symphony of defiance swells,
Two trans women, rewriting ancient spells.

Their love blooms like wildflowers in the storm,
Petals unfurling, fearless and warm,
A sanctuary where identities bloom,
In the garden of love, they find their truest room.

For in their embrace, the world's rules bend,
Two women, beyond labels transcend,
Their love, a masterpiece, vibrant and bright,
Painted on the canvas of starlit night.

~~~

## Whispers in the Kaleidoscope

In the quiet corners of his restless mind,  
the world spins in hues of uncertainty,  
a kaleidoscope of questions without answers.

He navigates hallways lined with whispers,  
each echo a dagger aimed at his heart,  
sharp edges of judgment piercing his fragile resolve.

At night, he dreams of tangled embraces,  
a dance of shadows and fleeting touches,  
yearning for a connection he dares not name.

In the mirror, he meets a stranger,  
a face that reflects expectations not his own,  
a mask worn to hide the truth within.

He traces the curves of his desires,  
like constellations in a midnight sky,  
seeking solace in the patterns of longing.

He wrestles with the weight of silence,  
burdened by the fear of rejection,  
by the silence that echoes louder than words.

Yet amidst the turmoil, a spark flickers,  
a whisper of courage rising from within,  
a beacon in the darkness of conformity.

He stands at the threshold of discovery,  
a journey of self-acceptance and truth,

where labels fade and authenticity blooms.

For he is a soul, brave and bold,  
writing his story in verses untold,  
finding strength in the echoes of his own voice,  
a symphony of resilience, a triumph of choice.

~~~

A Father's Struggle

In the quiet of my heart, I wrestle with shadows,
dark corners where tradition and love collide,
where the weight of expectations anchors me to the past.

She stands before me, a reflection of defiance,
her truth a prism refracting light I cannot grasp,
colours unseen in the spectrum of my understanding.

I trace the lines of her face, searching for the child
I once knew in the innocence of laughter,
now shrouded in the complexities of identity.

Her words are like raindrops on parched earth,
each one a revelation, a challenge to the walls
I've built around my beliefs, around my fears.

I remember the dreams I held for her,
paths I carved in the stone of my expectations,
where love was a straight line, predictable and safe.

But she is a tempest in the calm of my certainty,
a whirlwind reshaping the landscape of my heart,
forcing me to confront the contours of my love.

I stumble through the maze of my doubts,
grasping for the fragments of understanding,
afraid of losing her in the labyrinth of my hesitation.

Yet in the depths of my struggle, a seed takes root,
a whisper of acceptance, fragile and tentative,

blooming in the soil of my unconditional love.

For she is my daughter, a beacon of courage,
teaching me the language of authenticity,
guiding me to embrace the beauty of her truth.

And as I stand beside her, hand in hand,
I realize love is not bound by the limits of my understanding,
but by the boundless expanse of our hearts.

~~~

## **A Dance of Light & Shadow**

In the tangled web of heartstrings, he finds himself,  
Ensnared by love's embrace, yet torn by uncertainty,  
Caught between the pull of affection and the push of  
confusion.

She is a masterpiece of contradictions,  
A symphony of femininity and resilience,  
Her identity a canvas painted in bold strokes of authenticity.

He traces the contours of her face,  
Memories intertwined with hesitation,  
Trying to reconcile the harmony of their connection with the  
dissonance within.

In the quiet of their conversations,  
Words hang heavy with unspoken questions,  
Echoes of doubt that reverberate through the chambers of his  
mind.

He wrestles with the shadows of prejudice,  
Whispers of societal norms that cloud his vision,  
Struggling to silence the voices that cast judgment on their  
love.

Yet in the warmth of her laughter,  
In the tenderness of her touch,  
He finds solace, a sanctuary amidst the storm of his  
uncertainty.

For she is more than her gender identity,



More than the labels that others impose,  
She is the melody that soothes his restless soul, the harmony  
he longs to embrace.

And as he learns to unravel the threads of his prejudice,  
He discovers the beauty of acceptance,  
A love that transcends binaries and blossoms in the garden of  
their shared dreams.

Together, they rewrite the narrative of love,  
Weaving a tapestry of understanding and compassion,  
Where his heart learns to sing in harmony with hers.

~~~

A Heartbeat Offside

In the thundering roar of the crowd,
she runs with lightning in her veins,
a force of nature in a world of giants.

Her cleats kiss the grass, each step
a heartbeat, syncopated with the drum
of her team's determination.

But beneath the jersey's armor,
beneath the warrior's fierce resolve,
she carries a secret—a quiet storm.

She steals glances when the locker room empties,
at curves that curve her thoughts,
at shoulders broader than her own.

The field is her battlefield,
a place where she battles more than rivals,
where desire's whispers echo loudest.

She tackles her fears like opponents,
dodging questions that linger like tackles,
sidestepping glances that probe like interceptions.

Yet in the midst of sweat and strategy,
she finds moments of quiet contemplation,
where truth shimmers like a distant goalpost.

She dreams of a world beyond the field,
where love isn't measured in yards gained,

where her heart's playbook isn't bound by rules.

For she is a lesbian girl, a lioness in cleats,
charging forward with courage in each stride,
writing her own anthem amidst the cheers and whistles.

In the huddle of her thoughts,
she finds strength in acceptance,
where passion ignites on and off the turf,
and love scores in every match she plays.

~~~

## Love in a Minor Key

In the quiet spaces between them,  
her silence speaks volumes, a soft whisper  
against the roar of his desire.

She traces the lines of his longing,  
each touch a question, each kiss a plea,  
her heart a quiet rhythm against his storm.

He is a symphony of need, a crescendo  
of want, while she is the calm sea,  
still and deep, unfathomable.

They dance around the chasm of their differences,  
her hands gentle, his insistent,  
two melodies seeking harmony in dissonance.

In his eyes, she sees a hunger she cannot sate,  
a fire she does not feel, yet understands,  
an intensity that both scares and saddens her.

She loves him in ways words cannot capture,  
in quiet gestures, in shared laughter,  
in the comfort of his presence, the steadiness of his gaze.

But his touch, insistent, passionate,  
a language her body doesn't speak,  
leaves her feeling like a foreigner in her own skin.

She wonders if love is enough to bridge the gap,  
if understanding can soothe the ache of unmet needs,

if her gentle tide can calm his restless waves.

He whispers promises of patience, of understanding,  
but she sees the flicker of frustration,  
a shadow in his eyes, a question unspoken.

In the quiet of her solitude, she contemplates,  
the weight of their differences heavy,  
wondering if their love can survive the storm.

For she merely a pawn, in a world of desire,  
navigating the delicate balance of love and need,  
seeking a harmony that honours them both,  
a melody that can encompass their unique song.

~~~

Defiant Tapestry

In the mosaic of the city's pulse,
they walk, hand in hand,
two silhouettes against a backdrop of judgment,
their love a quiet rebellion.

Each step a testament to courage,
every glance a battle fought and won,
they navigate the labyrinth of whispers,
where acceptance is a rare, fleeting shadow.

Their love, a beacon in the murky dusk,
burns with a light both fierce and tender,
defying the cold stares, the muttered slurs,
the world's attempts to shroud them in shame.

They dream in hues of freedom,
where kisses are not stolen in secrecy,
where their laughter doesn't echo with caution,
where they can dance in the open, unafraid.

Yet, reality sharpens its edges,
laws and norms cut deep,
carving scars into their tender hopes,
forcing them to hide parts of their truth.

In the sanctuary of their shared moments,
they find solace, a haven from the storm,
whispering promises of resilience,
building castles of dreams amidst the rubble.

Their love is a tapestry of defiance,
threads of passion woven with strands of pain,
each stitch a declaration of their existence,
each embrace a shield against the world.

For in their union, they find strength,
a fortress against the tide of prejudice,
two souls intertwined, a testament
to the enduring power of love.

~~~

## A Truth Unveiled

In the twilight of his years,  
he stands at the edge of revelation,  
an old man with secrets cradled close,  
ready to unfold the pages of his truth.

His life, a tapestry of silences,  
stitched with threads of caution,  
woven tight around his heart,  
each knot a moment of denied existence.

He has danced in shadows,  
loved in whispers,  
hid his light beneath layers of conformity,  
a quiet rebellion against himself.

In the mirror, he sees the lines of time,  
etched deep with regret and fear,  
eyes that have witnessed love  
through a veil of secrecy.

But now, the weight is too much,  
the burden of invisibility too heavy,  
and he yearns to breathe freely,  
to let the world, see his true colours.

So, he steps forward,  
voice trembling but resolute,  
unburdening his soul  
in the light of acceptance.



"I am," he declares,  
a proclamation, a liberation,  
a lifetime of restraint breaking,  
the chains of fear dissolving.

He feels the warmth of self-embrace,  
the joy of honesty unfurling,  
like blossoms long denied the sun,  
finally basking in its glow.

Friends and family listen,  
some with tears, some with smiles,  
and he stands taller, lighter,  
the years of silence giving way to echoes of support.

In this moment, he is reborn,  
an old man, yet a new beginning,  
living the truth, he has longed to speak,  
his heart a vibrant, beating testament to love.

~~~

Warrior of Truth

In the heart of her home, a battle rages,
words like arrows, cutting deep,
a lesbian girl stands her ground,
her truth a beacon against the storm.

Her voice, once soft, now rises strong,
each syllable a defiance,
each breath a testament
to the love she refuses to hide.

She speaks of her heart, tender and fierce,
of a love that blooms despite the shadows,
of a truth she has carried, heavy yet beautiful,
waiting to be seen, to be honoured.

Her family, their eyes cast down or filled with fire,
struggle with the world they've known,
their beliefs a fortress, old and unyielding,
against the dawn of her revelation.

She confronts their fears, their doubts,
with stories of her own,
of quiet tears and hidden hopes,
of dreams stifled by their silence.

"You are my family," she pleads,
"but this is my life, my love,
a part of me as vital as breath,
a truth I will not deny."

The room is thick with tension,
a palpable silence, a crossroad,
where love and understanding teeter
on the edge of choice.

Her heart pounds with the weight of courage,
each beat a rhythm of resilience,
as she fights for her right to be seen,
to be respected in her wholeness.

She knows this path is not easy,
that acceptance is a journey, not a moment,
but she stands firm, a warrior of truth,
her spirit unbroken, her love unbound.

For she believes in a future,
where her family's hearts will open,
where their love will encompass all of her,
where respect will blossom from understanding.

And so, she fights, with words and tears,
with hope and unyielding spirit,
a defiant girl, brave and determined,
demanding her place in the light.

~~~

## A Triad's Dance

In the midst of whispered secrets and stolen glances,  
three hearts entwine in a delicate dance,  
A triad of love and hopes,  
each pulse a symphony of yearning and confusion.

Lila, with eyes like twilight,  
her laughter a song that beckons,  
finds herself caught between  
two loves, each a different hue.

Emily, fierce and gentle,  
a storm wrapped in quiet grace,  
her touch like the promise of spring,  
yearns for Lila with a devotion  
that roots deep into the earth.

And then there's Rachel, bold and bright,  
her spirit a wildfire that cannot be tamed,  
her love for Lila a flame that dances  
in the spaces between them,  
a light that chases shadows away.

In the corridors of their intertwined lives,  
their emotions weave a tapestry  
of passion and pain,  
where every touch, every glance,  
holds a universe of unspoken words.

Emily watches as Rachel's eyes  
linger on Lila, a silent plea,

a challenge, a declaration,  
and feels her own heart  
splinter and mend, splinter and mend.

Rachel sees the way Lila  
leans into Emily's softness,  
how their shared moments  
are both balm and wound,  
and her own heart catches fire,  
a blaze of desire and jealousy.

Lila stands at the crossroads of affection,  
torn between the earth and the fire,  
between the steady, grounding love  
and the fierce, consuming passion.

Their days are filled with hesitant touches,  
nights with dreams that bleed into reality,  
each girl a thread in the intricate web,  
each love a pull, a tension,  
a beautiful, painful knot.

And in the end, they are left with the question,  
unanswered, hanging in the air like a melody,  
can their hearts find a rhythm that includes  
the harmony of three, without breaking the song?

For in the labyrinth of their love,  
they search for a path that can hold  
all their truths, all their desires,  
a love triangle not of competition,  
but of connection, complete and whole.

~~~

Bridging Hearts

In the quiet corners of her heart,
a mother wrestles with shadows,
struggling to understand the light
that shines from her daughter's truth.

She traces the contours of memories,
of a childhood filled with laughter,
innocence wrapped in pink ribbons,
dreams whispered in twilight's embrace.

But now, her daughter stands before her,
a beacon of courage, of authenticity,
her love painted in hues of defiance,
against a world that questions, that judges.

The mother's hands tremble,
as she navigates the labyrinth of emotions,
fear and confusion tangled like vines,
around the roots of unconditional love.

She remembers the whispered conversations,
the hushed words of gossip and fear,
the weight of expectations, heavy
on shoulders already burdened.

Can she shed the layers of tradition,
the echoes of what she thought she knew,
to embrace the truth that blooms
in the garden of her daughter's heart?

She listens to the echoes of doubt,
the echoes of love and acceptance,
warring within her, a storm brewing,
threatening to engulf or enlighten.

And in the quiet of her solitude,
she searches for clarity,
for the courage to see beyond labels,
to embrace the essence of her daughter's love.

For she is a mother, fierce and tender,
navigating the terrain of understanding,
learning to rewrite the narrative,
to hold her daughter's hand with pride.

In the fragile dance of acceptance,
she finds strength in vulnerability,
a bridge between generations,
where love transcends fear and prejudice.

And as she stands beside her daughter,
she realizes that love is not a battlefield,
but a journey of discovery and growth,
where acceptance blooms, fragile yet resilient.

~~~

## Blossoming Truth

In the quiet of a summer evening,  
she gathers courage like wildflowers,  
each petal a testament to resilience,  
as she stands before them, heart trembling.

Words, heavy with vulnerability,  
hang between them like fragile threads,  
a tapestry of truth she weaves,  
unravelling the fabric of expectations.

Her family, faces a mosaic of confusion,  
struggles to reconcile memories with reality,  
their love a fortress, walls fortified by tradition,  
yet vulnerable to the winds of change.

She speaks of journeys untold,  
of a soul finding its rightful shape,  
a metamorphosis whispered in shadows,  
now unveiled in the light of their gaze.

Their questions, like stones skipped across water,  
ripples of uncertainty, reflections of concern,  
but beneath it all, a current of acceptance,  
a current that ebbs and flows with understanding.

Her mother's eyes, wells of tenderness,  
hold oceans of unspoken fears,  
yet she reaches out, arms trembling,  
a lifeline of love cast across the divide.



Her father, stoic and silent,  
meets her gaze with a nod,  
a silent vow to stand by her side,  
to weather the storms that may come.

Siblings, voices rising in harmony,  
echoes of support and solidarity,  
hands held in a circle of unity,  
as they embrace the woman she has always been.

And in that moment, amidst tears and fears,  
she finds peace in their embrace,  
a mosaic of love, imperfect yet whole,  
where acceptance blooms like wildflowers in spring.

For she is who she is, brave and bold,  
stepping into the light of her truth,  
her journey a testament to courage,  
her family a sanctuary of love and grace.

~~~

A Mother's Acceptance

In the quiet of my heart's labyrinth,
where memories flicker like fireflies,
I search for the girl I once knew—
the one who danced through summers,
her laughter painting rainbows in the sky.

But now she stands before me,
a tapestry of strength and vulnerability,
her truth a kaleidoscope of colours
I never learned to see.

Her words, like petals unfurling,
reveal a garden of desires,
blossoming in corners I had left untended,
roots anchored deep in her essence.

I trace constellations on her face,
mapping the stars of her identity,
connecting dots of understanding
with threads of unconditional love.

She speaks in the language of courage,
telling stories of love's quiet battles,
of hearts that beat to melodies
written in defiance of the norm.

I feel the weight of expectation,
like stones skipped across my doubts,
ripples of uncertainty fading
in the current of her authenticity.

In her eyes, I glimpse galaxies,
where constellations of acceptance
dance with nebulae of pride,
illuminating the cosmos of our bond.

I shed the armor of tradition,
embracing the daughter before me,
a phoenix rising from embers,
her wings unfurling in the warmth of acceptance.

For she is my daughter, a masterpiece,
painting her truth on the canvas of existence,
and as we walk this path together,
I learn that love is the compass,
guiding us through uncharted skies.

~~~

## Shifting Constellations

In the depths, where the soul seeks solace,  
where thoughts linger like mist on glass,  
they navigate the labyrinth of identity,  
a journey without maps or markers.

Born into a world of binaries,  
where labels box and suffocate,  
they defy the confines of expectation,  
a spirit untamed, seeking its own truth.

Each day is a dance of contradictions,  
straddling lines blurred by society's gaze,  
their reflection a kaleidoscope of hues,  
shifting with the rhythm of their soul.

They shed skins woven tight with norms,  
peeling away layers of conformity,  
to reveal a canvas painted in defiance,  
brushstrokes of courage and vulnerability.

In the mirror, they meet a stranger,  
a reflection that morphs and evolves,  
a testament to the fluidity of self,  
embracing shadows and light alike.

Their journey is a pilgrimage of discovery,  
a pilgrimage of scars and triumphs,  
of battles fought and bridges crossed,  
to reclaim the stolen fragments of identity.

They find solace in the whispers of allies,  
in the embrace of kindred spirits,  
building a sanctuary from fragments,  
where acceptance blooms like wildflowers.

For they are a mosaic of resilience,  
a symphony of authenticity,  
writing their story in verses untold,  
where every word is a declaration,  
every breath a celebration,  
of their soul, unbound.

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A Symphony of Stillness

In the symphony of identities, she finds her own melody,
A composition of silence, subtle yet profound,
Where others seek crescendos of desire,
She discovers beauty in the spaces between notes.

Her journey is a tapestry woven with threads of introspection,
Each thread a colour of self-discovery,
Unravelling expectations like a weaver of dreams,
Crafting her truth with hands of courage.

In a world painted with passion's palette,
She is the artist of her own canvas,
Brushstrokes of acceptance and understanding,
Creating landscapes of tranquillity and grace.

She gazes into mirrors, not for reflection,
But to see the depth of her soul's reflection,
Embracing the hues of a spectrum unseen,
Where every shade is a celebration of authenticity.

For she is the architect of her own castle,
Built on foundations of self-love and acceptance,
A sanctuary where labels dissolve like mist,
And her asexuality shines bright as the morning sun.

~~~

*To all those queer and struggling,*

*I have been where you are. I have seen what your eyes are growing weary of. I have felt what today burdens your heart. But this I say to you, do not lose hope, for hope is all we have in this world. Do not lose hope for that is all that will help you to keep going. One fine morning, this will all be something to smile about. Something to look back at and say:*

*“WE MADE IT!”*

## **About the Poet:**

Gia Mancini is a poet and a teacher from Italy. Her work is shaped by her own personal life experiences and the ones of others similar to herself she has met along the way. She writes about the struggles and beauty of the LGBTQ+ community, the romance and lessons of teenage and the gift of family. Mancini began writing at fourteen but maintained a secrecy of her work until *Prisms of Pride*. More of her poetry can be found on Tumblr.



